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found temper, tinged with a shade of melancholy poesy; it was his delight, like Manfred, to essay

"Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world."

and to seek for that secret analogy which exists between the immaterial spirit and its fleshly encasement; and the returning midnight still found him in his solitary apartment, bending over the folios of Albinus and Haller, or patiently investigating the drawings of Leonardo Da Vinci. His principal reason for residing in the hospital, was to avail himself of the facility with which immediate *post mortem* examinations could be obtained; as he was then engaged in preparing a treatise in which he advanced an original theory, which, if he could succeed in elucidating, (as he confidently expected) would have proved a new era in the literature of medicine.

The day on which the incident I am going to relate occurred, brother student had dined with him in his rooms, and the cloth had only been removed, when a porter entered, and told Ormsby in a whisper, that the patient in the fever ward had just died. "Very well, bring him to the dead-room. Drury, you will wait, I'll shew you a beautiful operation."

"No, I thank you, I have got quite enough of the work to day; I have attended demonstration—chemical lecture—remained six hours in Park-street, and egad I'll have no more of it—it is now after six o'clock, and I must be off—*bon soir*."

"Thoughtless fellow! said Ormsby, as he took up his candle, and proceeded to the dissecting-room. To an uninitiated stranger it would have appeared a horrible and ghastly sight; gentle reader, I shall not describe it: yet so much are we the slaves of habit, that the young surgeon sat down to his revolting task as indifferently as, reader, you would open your chess-board: the room was lofty and extensive, badly lighted; his flickering taper scarcely revealing the ancient writings that he was about to peruse. On the table before him lay the subject, wrapped in a long sheet, his case of instruments resting on it, he read on for some time intently, unheeding the storm which raged without, and threatened to blow in the casements against which the rain beat in large drops; and this, said he, looking on the body, and pursuing the train of his thoughts, this mass of lifelessness coldness, and inaction, is all we know of that alteration of our being, that mysterious modification of our existence by which our vital intelligence is launched into the worlds beyond—a breath, and we are here—a breath, and we are gone. He raised his knife and opened a vein in the foot, a faint shriek, and a start, which overset the table and extinguished the light, were the effects of his temerity—though somewhat shocked, Ormsby was not daunted—and then turning to relight his taper, he heard through the darkness a long-drawn sigh, and in weak and sickly accents—"Oh! Doctor, I am a great deal better now." Ormsby said nothing, but returning deliberately, covered up the man thus wonderfully re-awakened from an almost fatal trance, carried him back, and laid him in his bed.—In a week after the patient was discharged from the hospital cured.

THE PLAID, OR CLOTH OF MANY COLOURS.

The different ranks in Ireland were formerly distinguished by the number of colours in their garments. The King wore seven; the Olhams, or Doctors, wore six; and the peasant only one. In Scotland, to this day, the several clans are distinguished by the arrangement of colours, which compose their plaids. The royal plaid contains seven, viz.—red, blue, purple, brown, yellow, white, and green.

The Duke of Hamilton's family being strangers in Scotland until the time of Bruce, have been long honoured with the royal plaid, on account of their fidelity and services to the nation and the throne, to which at one time they were declared the immediate heirs. In the precursory proofs, that Israelites of the tribe of Joseph, came from Egypt into Ireland, it is asserted that the plaid had its origin in the commemoration of the coat of many colours which Jacob had prepared for his beloved son. Indeed the plaid has never yet been satisfactorily accounted for in any other way.

J. D.

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

No trophy marks his hallowed tomb—
No sculptured marbles rise;
From the red field of war, and his glories afar,
Here the valiant hero lies.
Is there nought there to point out the place of his rest?
Not a mark o'er his lonely bed;
Doth no cypress wave above the grave
Of the brave, tho' unhonoured dead?

Doth no tablet tell in lines of woe
The mouldering warrior's name?
Does he sleep forgot in this lonely spot—
Unknown in the rolls of fame?
Alas! no cypress waves o'er his tomb;
By no tablet his name is express;
This massy stone doth point out alone
The place where his ashes rest.

Then, say, why have they buried him here,
Upon the naked shore?
Say do not the brave deserve a grave
Afar from the ocean's roar?
The strangers came to our native land,
From their home beyond the sea;—
They came to despoil our lovely isle,—
They came to make slaves of the free.

But lion hearts would not be slaves;
We met them upon this strand,
And tho' but few, our swords we drew—
We fought for our native land.
For awhile our chieftan's sable plume
Was seen in the van to wave;
Whilst the cliffs on high re-echoed the cry
That came from the fight of the brave.

For a while success crowned our little band,
And the foe before us fled,
'Till a feathered dart pierced the warrior's heart,
And he sank 'midst the heaps of the dead.
He lies where he fell, in his sea-beat grave;
No passing bell was rung—
Not a parting prayer was breathed o'er him there;—
Not a requiem song was sung.

His passing bell is the thunder's peal,
Or the noise of the foaming tide
As its surges roar on the stormy shore,
'Gainst the precipices' side;
And the howling tempest's angry voice,
As it swells o'er the rolling wave,
Is the requiem song that sweeps along
O'er the valiant warrior's grave.

JULIAN

We are requested by our intelligent Correspondent, Mr. J. GERRY, to correct the following misprints in his article on Ornithology, which appeared in our 77th number:—For *Alauda*, read *Alauda*; for *Alauda Arenis*, read *Alauda Arenensis*; for *Alauda christata*, read *Alauda christata*; and *pipis*, read *pipio*.

We should feel much obliged if our Correspondents, who favour us with articles on scientific subjects, would take the trouble of writing, in a legible hand, all classical or merid technical terms, as it can scarcely be expected that the reader, in the best established printing-office, will be as well informed on such subjects as the writer; and it would be impossible that the Editor could attend to the minutia of correcting the articles of his various correspondents.

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